Hot. Come *Kate*, thou art perfect in lying downe,
Come, quicke, quicke, that I may lay my head in thy lap.
La. Go, ye giddy goose.

The Musicke playes.

Hot. Now I perceiue the diuell vnderstands *Welsh*.
And t'is no maruell he is so humorous,
Birlady he is a good musition.
Lady. Then would you be nothing but musicall,
For you are altogether gouerned by humors:
Lie still ye thiefe, and heare the Lady sing in *Welsh*.
Hot. I had rather heare *Lady*, my breech howle in *Irish*.
La. Would'st haue thy head broken?
Hot. No.
La. Then be still.
Hot. Neither, t'is a womans fault.
La. Now God helpe thee.
Hot. To the *Welsh* Ladies bed.
La. What's that?
Hot. Peace, she sings.

Heere the Lady sings a welsh song.

Hot. Come, Ile haue your song too.
La. Not mine in good sooth.
Hot. Not yours in good sooth? Hart you sweare like a comfitmakers wife, not you in good sooth, & as true as I liue, and as God shall mend me, and as sure as day:
And giuest such sarcenet surety for thy othes,
As if thou neuer walkst further then *Finsbury*:
Sweare me *Kate*, like a Ladie as thou art,
A good mouth filling oath, and leaue in sooth,
And such protest of pepper ginger-bread,
To veluet gards, and Sunday-Cittizens.
Come, sing.
La. I will not sing.
Hot. T is the next way to turne tayler, or be red-brest teacher and the indentures be drawne, Ile away within these 2. hours, and so come in when ye will. *Exit.*
Glen. Come, come, Lord *Mortimer*, you are slow,
As *Hot* Lord *Percy* is on fire to goe.

By

By this our Booke is drawne, w
And then to horse immediately
Mor. With all my heart.

Enter the King, Prince

King. Lords, giue vs leaue, t
Must haue some priuate confer
For we shall presently haue nee
I know not whether God will h
For some displeasing seruice I
That in his secret doome, out
Hee'le breed reuengement and
But thou dost in the passages o
Make me beleeue, that thou ar
For the hot vengeance, and the
To punish my mistreadings. T
Could such inordinate and lov
Such poore, such bare, such lew
Such barren pleasures, rude soc
As thou art matcht withall, an
Accompany the greatnes of th
And hold their leuell with thy
Prin. So please your Maiesti
Quit all offences with as cleare
As well as I am doubtlesse I ca
My selfe of many I am charg'd
Yet such extenuation let me be
As in reproofe of many tales d
Which oft the eare of greatne
By smiling Pick-thankes, and b
I may for some things true, wh
Hath faulty wandred, and irreg
Find pardon on my true subm
King. God pardon thee, yet
At thy affections, which doe h
Quite from the flight of all thy
Thy place in Counsell thou ha
Which by thy yonger Brother
And art almost an alien to the

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